

Quiet Ending of Two Domestic Spats

Husbands Worry Less Than Wives Over Disturbances That Seem Bound to Occur in the Journey Through Life.

"Men have died and the worms have eaten them," quoted the girl who knows, "but not for love." Just listen to this. I went to call on Martha the other day. She was telling me how she and Jack had quarreled. Had quarreled so bitterly that at last with tears she got up, put on her hat and left him forever.

"It was dark in the street. The street lamps appeared to make it darker. * * * She walked a little way, then half-turned. She walked a little further, then turned altogether. Not straight back, but toward the butcher shop.

"Jack and I had chops this morning," she soliloquized, "I think I will order steak for tomorrow."

"She did so and went back home."

"What was the husband doing? Had he gone out and made away with himself? No, indeed. He was sitting quietly at the table where she had left him, reading his newspaper."

"That's nothing," put in the brown-eyed girl. "I knew a woman once who quarreled with her husband, or he with her. I never knew which, and when he had gone out of the house

she determined to make way with herself. The determination did not last, however. She concluded, on the contrary, to see what he would do in case she should end it all.

"There was a small pond nearby. She couldn't have drowned herself in it if she had laid down and drunk up all the water, but she nevertheless wrote this farewell letter to him:

"Dear John—I can endure this life no longer. I have thrown myself in the pond. Good-by and God bless you. Your loving SARAH."

"She put the letter up on the table, where he would be sure to find it, then went into the closet and hid herself.

"It was a small closet. She nearly smothered there, but she waited with just enough of a crack in the door to breathe through.

"At last, after what seemed an interminable time, she heard his footsteps. He came in and sat down by the table. After fumbling around awhile he came upon her note. She heard him tear it up when he had finished reading it.

"'Drat that woman!' he said as he threw it on the floor.

"Then he picked up a book and read till she came out of the closet—had to or smother."

Points Out Lesson Taught by Dreams

Thoughts and Deeds of Our Waking Life Influence the Hours of Slumber—Make Visions of the Night Useful.

A. E. Gibson presents an exhaustive analysis of the physical and psychological basis of dreams, says the Medical Record. He sums up his views in part as follows: To sum up the argument, dream and waking differ in degree and form of manifestation only, not in principle and essence. Like waking consciousness, dream reveals, but does not create. The same world that surrounds the waking individual surrounds the dreaming, only the viewpoints and media of observation are changed.

As the life experience of an individual in his waking consciousness receives its character and value by and through his power of response to environment, so in a similar way the value of a dream depends upon the power of the ego to respond to consciousness in its various forms of emotions, ideas and feelings which constitute the environments of the subjective or dream plane. Waking or dreaming, the individual is, or be-

comes, what he chooses to be at any given moment of his existence.

The background for ordinary dreams consists of undigested remnants of waking life. Hence, ordinary dreams are merely undigested life, being made up by longings, desires, anticipations, idle hopes and miscarried relations, which, occupying the mind during the day, are overtaken by sleep before having reached their fruition. Hence the mixture, in most dreams, of the sane and the insane, of truth and delusion.

On the other hand, the life lived out and assimilated in a purposeful existence becomes absorbed in the formation of character and leaves no residue to form the bizarre staging for the confused dream. And to such an individual the intuitions of dream life, with their dazzling imagery, will introduce symbols which, properly interpreted, may carry the significance of prevision or prophecy. Therefore, to turn dreams into useful intelligent and intelligible factors, we must fill our waking life with deeds and thoughts of universal usefulness, and freight the train of events with an unflinching devotion to duty and virtue.

Railroad Hog Checkmated at Own Game

Conductor Evidently Had Met the Species Before and Welcomed Opportunity to Meet Out Punishment for Discourtesy.

Paul Morton at a convention of railroad men said of the railroad hog: "I wish that all those men could be treated as a certain Marylander once was.

"The Marylander boarded a train with two arm loads of bundles. He sat down and piled his bundles beside him. Then he opened a paper and began to read in great comfort.

"The car by degrees grew crowded. At last the only vacant seat was the bundle-filled one beside the Marylander. Though several passengers hesitated beside this seat, looking at the Marylander wistfully, he made no sign. He would rather let the people stand than remove his goods.

"Finally someone summoned the conductor. He hurried in and said: 'Take down those bundles, please, at once. Don't you see, sir, that there are ladies standing all about you?'

The Marylander was a perfect example of the railroad hog. He said in a blustering tone:

"What is the matter with you? Those bundles don't belong to me. They belong to a man in the smoker."

"All right," said the conductor. "I'll pile them up here, then, till he comes." And he put the bundles in the rack overhead and gave the vacant seat to a lady.

"The Marylander laughed because he had not had to move his bundles himself, but when he came to get off he did not laugh so heartily. As he was gathering his precious pile together the conductor hurried to him and said sternly:

"Don't touch those packages, sir. They belong to a gentleman in the smoking car."

"Ah, what's the matter with you?" snarled the other. "They belong to me."

"You said they didn't," answered the conductor, "and I am going to take you at your word. The only way you can get them is to come and identify them at our main office to-morrow."

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